

Every Path Has Its Puddle

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Every Path Has Its Puddle

by [AdrianaintheSnow](#)

Summary

Tommy has a nightmare he can't remember. He begins to questions certain things.

Notes

Tommy's a little out of character, but he's kind of meant to be.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke with a gasp, very much aware that he'd just had a nightmare, but unable to remember what took place in it at all. All he knew was that the t-shirt he'd worn to bed was damp and his heart was racing. It felt for a moment like he was drowning.

"Are you okay?" asked Tubbo, stirred awake by Tommy's sudden movements as he woke. Tommy could tell he was just on the edge of sleep. He'd be able to wake up if Tommy said yes but would be back asleep in seconds otherwise.

"Yeah," Tommy lied. "Just have to piss. Had a dream I was already in the bathroom. You're real lucky I managed to wake up."

"Mmm," replied Tubbo, not awake enough to question it more, to notice the way Tommy was shaking a bit. Tommy shoved himself out of bed as carefully as possible as to not disturb the boy swiftly falling back asleep more. Henry was sitting on the mattress next to Tommy's pillow, close enough to touch from Tommy's normal sleeping position, but safely away from being squished by a flailing Tubbo.

Tommy hesitated, like a music disc getting stuck and stuttering on a scratch for a moment. Something squirmed in his stomach, and he had the sudden urge to toss Henry out of the window. Instead, he snatched him up and hugged him close to his chest before turning to exit the room.

The sign on their door was blue, giving Ghostbur permission to enter, but he hadn't been in the room. Tommy thought about searching for him when he wasn't in the living room either or just skipping the middle part of nightmare nights and breaking into Wilbur's room without Ghostbur's permission, but well, Ghostbur could be busy. He didn't want to disturb him or Will if there was something more important to be doing.

Instead, Tommy sat down on the couch and curled up against the armrest. He set Henry on the cushion next to him and they had a staring contest for a good few minutes. There was exactly one blue spot on Henry. It was a small spot right above the eye that Tommy had given Ghostbur permission to leave. He reached out to brush his finger over it now.

He jerked the hand away when he heard a door open suddenly. Techno stumbled out of his bedroom into the living room and immediately spotted Tommy despite the darkness.

"Tommy?" he asked. "What are you doing up?"

Tommy shrugged. "Couldn't sleep," he said. "You?"

"Got hungry," he said. "Going to steal some Oreos."

"Cool," said Tommy, shooting him a thumbs up.

Without any more questions, Techno passed by him towards the kitchen, and Tommy heard a couple of muted clanks from that direction. Tommy returned his eyes to Henry. Techno returned in under a minute and Tommy was surprised when he not only took a seat on the

opposite end of the couch, but also had two glasses of milk instead of one with his plate of cookies.

“Have as many as you want,” he said. “If we don’t have enough here, I know where Phil tries to hide an extra pack from me.”

“Thanks,” Tommy said, reaching forward to grab one and one of the cups of milk. They ate in silence until the cookies were gone, though Tommy had stopped eating a couple of minutes before.

“You good?” Techno asked him, leaning back against the couch and glancing over at him.

“Fine,” Tommy said.

“Why can’t you sleep?”

Tommy shrugged.

“Yeah, alright kid,” Techno said. He did not move to leave, so Tommy guessed he was going to be dealing with the man’s presence for a bit longer. Tommy decided to just ignore him and returned to curling up on his edge of the couch and staring at the stuffed animal between them.

There was something disconcerting about the early morning before the sun rose, the way it was silent except for their soft breaths and a couple of sounds every so often from somewhere else in the house, the way darkness obscured Techno’s face since the only light was from starts shining through the window. It was strange enough that Tommy felt a bit more vulnerable than he normally did. He found his mouth opening to actually ask what was on his mind.

“Is it okay,” he asked haltingly, not sure how to express to himself what he wanted to say, let alone to Techno, “to want Henry like I do?”

“What do you mean?” Techno asked.

“I just...” He had to think for a bit, circle around the feeling in his chest to get at anything concrete. “Tubbo likes the bee Wilbur got him, but he just put it on a shelf as more of a decoration than anything. Wilbur doesn’t sleep with stuffed animals, and he certainly doesn’t carry them around like I want to sometimes. Most of the ones he had as a kid are in the attic. Sometimes I feel like I shouldn’t like him. I shouldn’t even have him. It’s like it’s against the rules.”

Techno shifted awkwardly. “I mean...” he said. “Just because Tubbo and Wilbur are like that doesn’t mean you have to be, I don’t think.”

“I know,” Tommy said. “I know, but it also feels like it’s more than just that. I don’t know.”

Techno paused, thinking. “Come with me,” he requested after a moment, standing up.

“Uh,” Tommy said. “Okay.” He stood up and grabbed Henry from the couch before following Techno back to his room. He didn’t go in Techno’s room a lot, even less so with permission. He closed the door behind him, lingering next to it awkwardly as Techno flipped on the table lamp next to his bed.

He flopped onto his bed face down without preamble. Then, he smacked the bed next to him in invitation. Tommy cautiously walked over and mirrored him, laying on his stomach and turning his head to face Techno.

Techno stared him down for a couple of seconds and then sighed, reaching an arm up to slide it between the mattress and the wall at the head of the bed. He pulled up a bundle of white and when Tommy stared at it for a moment longer, he realized it had a little face on it and mini little white ears sticking out of its head.

“This is Steve,” Techno said, seeming just a touch embarrassed. “He was the first stuffed animal I ever got. Phil and then Wilbur gave him to me. I was only a bit younger than you the first time. Probably. I haven’t willingly ever slept a night without him since.”

“Oh,” Tommy said, studying the little stuffed animal. It was cute, a polar bear, he thought, and looked really fluffy and soft.

Techno rubbed a finger along the top of its head absentmindedly. “Wilbur and Tubbo are different. They had stuffed animals when they were growing up, and so they don’t mean quite the same thing to them. It’s not weird that you like yours. It’s not weird that you want to hold him and carry him around. You’re allowed to have him, Tommy.”

Was he really? Tommy wondered. Was he allowed to have him? Was he allowed to keep him? The notion settled oddly, not quite matching what he knew in his subconscious. It was a nice thought though, much like many other things Phil, Wilbur, and Techno had said to him before. It had taken a while, but he was slowly started to accept those things. Things like how he should express when he was in pain or uncomfortable. Things like how he wasn’t expected to catastrophize every mistake he made. Things like how there weren’t rules that made no sense and punishments for breaking them that made less.

Maybe he could accept this new thing too. Eventually.

“Thanks,” Tommy said. “That makes me feel better, I think.”

“Good,” Techno said. “Think you can sleep here?”

“Maybe,” Tommy said.

“Well, you should at least try it,” Techno said with a yawn. He placed Steve up on his pillow and turned his head, so it was buried in his pillow.

Tommy laughed slightly. “Goodnight, I guess,” he said.

Techno grunted in response and Tommy moved to get comfortable.

He must have been able to fall asleep again because he didn’t wake until the morning.

End Notes

And then Wilbur is jealous that Tommy chose to go to Technoblade with a nightmare even though Tommy always goes to him lol.

This not being published in the One Step at a Time book is not suspicious. There is no war in ba sing se. What is plot? (/s)

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